



It's a Long Process / Meltdown Edition

S. LaRue – 4/16

Only the brave will communicate honestly, unafraid of what people-in-general may think, for the simple reason they *do not know* what others are thinking, *ever*. If they did, how would it effect what the truth is? Should it cause you to be seen as delusional by others for offering honest yet unpopular ideas, just tell them you're dancing to music they cannot hear, pirouette and walk away.

My regaling here contains instances-o-plenty wherein I assign thoughts, even intentions to others all willy-nilly like I'm some Hoo-Do Priest or a Sooth-Sayer from the *golden* Bronze Age. Here's why I've taken such liberties:

If you've known someone for 50 years and every time you see them, they lure you into a state of calm with conversation in the no-brainer realm. You'll both be examining a cloud as if floats by, trying to agree on whether it looks like George Washington or more like Barbara Bush, and BOOM – he plants his size 12, steel-toed work boot in your crotch, backs up two steps to get a better view and can barely control his laughter as you hit the ground. Chances are next time you're blessed with his company you'd be wise to wear a codpiece.

Patterns emerge, it's one of the things humans are good at recognizing. Sun goes down, no need to panic, it'll come back, right over there. Eddie shows up at your place, drinks all your hooch? Chances are, he'll be back next payday, just like the previous 100 paydays and you will be relieved of your holdings, the ones in plain sight anyway.

My meager attempts to commune with comrades, my brothers and sisters, regularly results in them saying one thing yet meaning something else, something far less humane than they'd like me to believe.

The look of the utterly annoyed, as luck would have it, is a talented translator, can and does deliver the message most won't dare to utter: *“Why bother us? We thought you'd been dispatched, were certain we'd established an unending discomfort between us, sure the next time we heard from you would be via messenger, bearing an invitation to your funeral?”*

This is initially unsettling, I have to admit. The one saving grace is everyone (hopefully) will one day

get over themselves – that right there is a HELL of a way to kickstart the process of coming to terms with your insignificance. It just occurred to me; I owe them all thank you notes.

I'm not *afraid* of having few if any associates. Fear will make you lie. Fuck fear. I've chosen to communicate, chosen to disregard that which I imagine might be in your mind. My crystal ball is in the shop, I have no plans to retrieve it. What you think, about what I say is none of my business:

“Oh, I've upset you? I didn't mean to have total control over your head meat – I'll let it go post haste, beg your pardon – I'll try my best not to hip-mo-tize you again! Dear me...”

I assign value to actions. Words don't mean much when Earthlings are spewin' 'em – those assholes are liable to say any god damn thing, and I'd advise you to make up *yer own mind* about the validity of what I'm about to convey, I am, after all, an Earthling in the loosest sense of the word, as in, I live here, for now.

The people orbiting me since I clawed my way into this mess, have proven their intent, revealed their methods and employed every underhanded bit of huckster heritage stored deep within their DNA, in an attempt to scare me into becoming one of them. Ya take a few notes, pay attention once in a while, and the charlatans will stick out, as my daughter is fond of saying, “Like a sour thumb.”

That those of us enjoying the rigors of life with post traumatic stress as our motivating factor, have a tendency to exaggerate, is directly related to the Amygdala portion(s) of our brain being on overdrive all day, every day, all night, every night. Honestly? It's just plain exhausting.

We're not lying to you – we're just incredibly concerned about why, hypothetically speaking, you continue to shop at Walmart. To us, as it should be to any thinking person giving a fuck, out of the realm of possibility, right up there with using your slaves for target practice while learning the personality of your new bazooka, when ya know damn well they work nights at the bazooka factory.

Should leaves rustle near us when out for a walk, becoming hyper aware of the possibility there being a tiger stalking us isn't an illness. It's a genetic hangover, *dormant* in most but not the children of say, for the purposes of this presentation, theists, living among similar theists and the social pressures that come with it. There are millions of us who've *had our hyper-awareness-nodules* jolted from their slumber during childhood and are now fully celebrating every tiny obstacle in our paths, as were the wishes of our caregivers.

The beliefs of the geographical community we had been accidentally born of, were pounded into our skulls like so many railroad spikes John Henry had taken issue with. In the bonus round, shortly after we were no longer Santa Claus eligible, it was realized by our keepers, harsher forms of disappointments, punishments and general mayhem were required to **keep us in line**.

Young minds have what seems to be a singular goal; **ABSORB**

Speaking as a parent, one that survived the child rearing experience with a modicum of physical damage, emerging only after learning what I should have known at the onset, I think my credentials would lead others to believe this observation. Information is their mana and they seek it by any means their little thinkers can put together, as follows:

Rip it open and find out how it works...

Make inquiries:

What's that all about over there?

Should I put it in my mouth now or later?
Who's that?
What's he doing?
Should I do it too?
What's that thing?
What's that for?
WHAT'S THAT feel like?
Why is it that way?
Why... why... why... why?
How come?
Huh?
How come it does that?
Why?
– **SMACK** –

The “SMACK” is from my own childhood. I gave my full attention to not striking my progeny while their inquisitions grew in fervor – replaced it with, “***Because The Easter Cat SEZ SO.***”

The young badger a select few with this line of inquiry. Mostly their keepers, the only CEOs around, their parents. Parents hang out with the other tall people, they're always confident when addressing the wee ones.

Their posture when announcing the arrival of the Mr. Clause – “*You JUST Missed him!*” – instills trust in *birth captives*. The few that question the rules are frowned upon and I'm not talking about asking why the sky is blue, I mean shit like, “*But mom, yesterday your hair was kinda white – what happened? Are you okay?*”

Although *a lie, is a lie, is a lie* no matter how often you tell it, young minds require time to grasp the basic mechanics of propaganda – the *lather, rinse, repeat* platform of embedding your fantasies in those less apt to recognize them as such.

Acquiring any form of real, verifiable data just didn't happen. Children don't know if yer lying or not – why would you lie? That would be kinda, I dunno, *immoral*? Maybe *mean* is the word I'm looking for? They're CHILDREN, they know whats best for them a LOT better than you do.

“*So what if Tinky Winky is gay? Seems like a nice enough fella to me, but that creepy old guy doing the name calling? I'd keep a sharp eye on that one. Not someone I wanna be left alone with...*”

Many years would pass before ‘agenda’ could be defined in terms we'd understand. In the mean time Mom & Pop presented what-ever-the-fuck they wanted, no shred of proof being offered other than their being the most important thing in your life – who's gonna argue with the *King Pins of the ice cream distribution consortium*? Dunno bout you, but ice cream was right up there with fireworks in my vast wasteland of hungry grey matter.

Things which might appear outlandish in a cartoon setting warranted a raised eyebrow, you know, yer basic lake of fire that doesn't kill you, it just hurts, makes you scream and ruins yer new Keds (The high-tops cost ONE DOLLAR more, so of course, I never had a pair). When asking for details on the distinction between something that would instantly eat our shoes, but not our skin, we were told by, and *believed*, straight faces when they casually quipped, “Shut. Up. The lake of fire is an ***unquestionable***

truth.”

The whimsy those two words stirred up – Mercy! That sounded like something I wanted in on – unquestionable? That's for me, right there, who has time for questions? I have toys to break, siblings to fight, drinks to spill, “...take your questions elsewhere if you please... Go see the lake of fire if you'd like, just stop asking me to explain it for you.”

Did they mean it was magic? Some kinda wizardry, are there witches involved, were animals tortured to make this THING true? Cuz from where I'm standing, WAY down here close to the floor? It kinda sounds like bullshit.

So I say, I sez, “I don't get it? I can't ask you about this? Is it a secret? It's cool if you don't know for sure, I was just curi...”

“MONGO SAY NO ASK!

ASK BE BAD THING!

MAKE THUNDER COME!

BAAAAAD!”

This so confuses the young far beyond hearing it for the hundredth time. Verification is needed and a request often lands on deaf ears: “**What?**” as in, “I'm not sure I heard you correctly, would you mind repeating that please?”

The second burns brightly, spews bitter ash in all directions as it races thru the vocal chords: “**Why?**” as in, “Why are these suggestions you've presented as truth exempt from examination? Ya got somethin' ta hide?”

The answer, absurd as it might seem, turns out to be, “*You **cannot** question **faith**.*”

Really?

Okay then, this faith deal is where my investigation's gonna start (you uncooperative prick). Over time (*a short time*) an alert person, one that's been *made alert* by the Pandora's Box of UNENDING-HYPER-PANIC-ALERTNESS being forced open without their knowledge, will find, when examining the evidence at hand, ‘*faith*’ means, if you can ask questions about the thing people have faith in, *it will be shown false*.

When it appears all is lost you begin to mature. Relationships, other than those formed around food and spankings, are becoming more of a concern. You need less and less help making your own peanut butter sammys, you even cleaned your room and scrambled some eggs the other day, all by your lonesome.

Independent thought, having broken through the barricades set to waylay it, has taken root – at any moment you're liable to start coloring outside the lines – I've seen children discard their coloring books altogether, poor things – if only someone had been there to warn them about the *tragic lure of nonconformity*.

One fateful day, the Empress storms into the living room, arms outstretched as though she were carrying bovine fecal matter, parks her fat-and-sassy between the father and his television, and the following transpires.

Mother: Look at this. LOOK at it.

Father: Pineapple upside down cake? Thanks honey – it looks great. I'll get us a couple of plates...

Mother: PLEASE! This isn't just ANY cake. The boy, that BOY made it.

Father: Wha... When did he... Damn. Looks like one of my mom's.

Mother: You Idiot! Don't you know what this means?

Father: We need more milk?

Mother: Darren! He didn't ask a single question, followed the instructions in my cook book, he cleaned the kitchen while it was baking and it's better than Mine! Look at the corners? SEE? I will not stand for this radical behavior. I haven't seen him since my nap, only found this, **this thing** in the cake safe when I woke up. Well...you think he went for a spin in the Valiant?

Father: He wouldn't dare! (closely inspecting the cake) You think he's a homosexual?

Mother: Huh?

Father: I do. Look how he added those extra pineapple chunks... Nice touch.

Mother: You vex me! You REALLY DO! Maybe you'll see the light when you find him balancing your check book! He's a smarty-pants and he got it from YOU! I heard you encourage him last year.

Father: I did no such thing! What would be the point? That's preposterous.

Outside: The distinctive sound of a MOPAR starter gets their attention – they bolt outside before the boy can drive away.

New ways to make you feel inadequate gain URGENT status. A frantic call is placed to the HEAD OFFICE seeking advice.

The Boss down at the head office, once told of the unfortunate cake incident, makes the following statement: *"Time is running out. Next thing ya know, that little know-it-all might read a book. Preposterous indeed! Something MUST be done. Something that will crush his spirit of inquiry, strangle his sense of wonder, flush his confidence into the open and mow that sucker down like Dick Cheney shooting a lawyer in the face during a drunken dove hunting excursion."*

Those professing to be your protectors – the *Tribal Elders and their Counsel* – eventually have to develop something quite horrible should they wish you to live in darkness as they have. The trick is to make you think it was your idea.

Ancient Family Records are consulted, a course of action developed, leading your captors to define a method and set an execution date, at which time the trap will be sprung, the switch thrown, the hounds released thus setting into motion something you'd have never, ever, ever anticipated.

A fraction of a second after you tossed your coloring book in the trash, **out of nowhere** a Godzilla Sized Issue has you cornered, frightened and, oddly you are without back-up of any kind – your keepers are reading the paper or searching your room, or on the phone giving the play-by-play to those that helped raise the money to pay Godzilla to show up and *make with the tormenting*.

Your one connection to reality, your only source of information, the font of universal knowledge and the keepers of *'Things Unquestionable'* aren't lifting a finger to deny this most heinous, foul smelling reptile which has singled you out for some unspeakable set of discomforts.

Your flight will not spare you, consumed you will be. Should you wish to avoid the pitfalls of possibly growing into a dork in a cubicle, your courage must be called into service. Scuttling your dingy becomes increasingly difficult with age, which means you probably don't have it just yet, and for that,

we here at **The Tragically Under-funded Center For The Advancement Of Logic** are truly sorry. We advise that you endeavor to persevere – it only hurts the first time.

An Announcer whispers into a bullhorn:

“Tonight's festivities brought to you by

The Knights of King Ronnie,

Channing, Texas Chapter 111

Helping YOU Establish Control No MATTER WHAT, for 123 Years.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you know him, you love him, he's really fucking expensive, please welcome ... That Big Green, Radioactive Killing Machine – Gaaaawwwd-zillaaaaaa.”

From your closet you hear the announcer, but can't make out what he's saying. You creep to the front room and peek out the window to find a couple of hundred middle-aged sourpusses gathered in the street.

There's a knock at the door, and you, being the *coloring book disposal manager* and all, can think of no reason to deny yourself the simple act of opening it – its the Big Boy thing to do. Your hand touches the knob and the door blows open as if the Cartwright Family had a hunch wimmin-folk were being mishandled within and they'd ridden all day with rescue and revenge on their minds. Startled, you ask yourself, “Why is Hoss green?”

A millisecond later your Amygdala does what it does best and you take evasive maneuvers. Your cries fall on the ears of indifferent observers. Your captors are reading the paper, watching *Wide World of Sports* on the TeeVee and acting as though a well known, easily identifiable reptilian film star IS NOT in their home.

*“HELLO? Parentals and other tall persons in the vicinity – **CODE RED** – might I anticipate a little help in the nearest of near futures?*

“A Giant Naughty LIZARD is stomping our stuff into dust while trying to catch me and only me! I say, can you not see him?

“Is this one of your UNQUESTIONABLE TRUTHS?

“The SMELL! Follow the SMELL for GAWD'S SAKE! He plans to do away with me, of this I am most certain! Peril will have me in a very few moments should you delay!

“The Militia! Someone please – get the Militia on the horn and request their arrival post hast, I beg of thee!”

I mentioned earlier, Earthlings are adept at recognizing patterns, with the patterns displayed by the J.P. Morgans of this planet being obvious to anyone caring to pay fucking attention for a few minutes.

Like manipulation savants, those you'd known only as providers and protectors, had become fascists with *schooling* you as their focus (they'd been fascists all along – *duh*). Godzilla's visit was just their way of warming you up for a much bigger, more insidious deception. One subtle enough to guarantee many sleepless nights ahead.

Indoctrination Imperative:

“These god damn kids might enjoy their lives and we'll not stand by and let that happen – not on OUR watch by gawd! Fetch the rule book Agnes! This one is beginning to stray...”

They skip the introduction of the **Fascist Agenda Manifesto / King James Version**, go straight to the **BAD NEWS** section and begin reading the outline you should have memorized when you were told to.

- 1) **Create a scary problem;** *“I think someday soon, ants will bite us when we're in the bathtub.”*
 - 2) **Misinform** the peasants (me) make them feel they (I) are in danger of being much worse off if they didn't happen to live with big (as in tall) cereal-dispensing-clothes-washing-secret-keeping people (claiming to sort of own us [me] in some weird way which is also a secret).
 - 3) **Pretend** to be afraid of the problem you created in part 1. *“OOO! An ant! LOOKOUT!”*
 - 4) **THE CLANDESTINE EVENT** – place 4 dead ants in the tub when it's bath night for the target.
 - 5) **Completing the Fear / Dependence cycle:** Angrily swarm the bathroom and noisily remove the dead ants you placed in the tub 15 minutes ago – **save the day!**
- Memorize the standard *Mussolini on the balcony* leer, employ it at this time.

I bought it when I was four; there go the big people, saving all of humanity through selfless bug disposal. Altruism at it's pinnacle! “Thanks Mommy! Thank you Daddy! Close Call! WOW! They wanted to bite my pee-pee – I could see it in their teeny-tiny eyes!”

The traumas associated with *Standard Mind-Control Methods* through the ages (violence, physical or mental, imagined or otherwise) has been shown, through rigorous scientific testing, the chemical overdose your body dumps into your brain poisons the area responsible for *emotional maturation*. It's usually a single event, but can result from repeated trauma experienced over a short period with severe, permanent consequences if undertaken with vigor for any length of time, as follows:

Many tribes, *those fear has fully infiltrated*, often employ an over-zealous approach, tormenting their helpless prisoners for extended periods, lasting years in some instances. Repeated Amygdala Cycling (RAC) may result in the youth population you have been tasked with managing, accepting the cave dwelling mentality, seeing it as their only option should they wish to live long enough to die from tooth decay.

Side effects may include constant, low-level anxiety, the inability to form a sentence leading to a lack of meaningful communication, hives, the rash, an affinity for video gaming, poor hygiene, weight loss, weight gain, heart attack or stroke and a significantly shortened life expectancy. Consult your physician prior to use. Not available in states that touch an ocean, void where prohibited. Local and Regional taxes apply, weapons / batteries / redemption not included.

The success stories, the targeted victims of negative programming are consumed with fear; any form of terror, any and all manner of **mayhem-most-foul** may seek them out at any given moment and cause an *anxiety-ache so powerful* these young adults are saddled with tremors, twitches and speech impediments lasting a lifetime. Should fear overpower a person's sense of inquiry, their only choice is to join the others in the darkness of the cave from whence they were hatched.

Repeat to your intended target as needed:

“SEEK NOT for what you may find is occasionally awesome but sometimes really scary, foreign and different than what you've been prepared to deal with. FAILURE AWAITS YOU – unless you have reason and/or values, in which case WE have not failed in assisting your path to adulthood, YOU have

failed yourself by consciously accepting LOGIC, you hapless ignoramus. There can be no other fate for those choosing to ignore conformity. *Thinking it's a good idea to think?* Shame! Shame and Guilt will cause your failure. It's weird too, you'd think we'd give ya a little encouragement for having big enough nodules to look around, figure stuff out, be kind to your brethren, but NOOOOO! You'll see...

“There's a BoogeyMan-Proof shield at the cave entrance, calling out for you to remain – ‘...venture out at your peril young knave, and should you do so, don't be bringing any of your discoveries back in here when you come to do laundry or ask for shelter to heal from an injury resulting in your devil-may-care ways!’ – NOSSIR!

“To cross that threshold without deeply ingrained fear as your guide is to renounce our loving attempts to bring you into the fold. If yer going, go on and GET THE FUCK OUT already – **I WAS** gonna tell you how the lake of fire works – **TOO LATE NOW!** You had yer chance buster, down the road kickin' rocks. Adios Pendejo. So Long Sucker. Don't let the Boogey-Shield hit ya in the ass on yer way out...”

There's this brain plasticity deal to consider when you refer to “damage.” There are numerous cases wherein a person physically loses some of their thinky-parts, and PRESTO! A little time passes and they're tying their shoes and smiling the smile of those known to use silverware without even looking. The shoe tying part of their brain has manifest anew and they didn't even have to press a button.

Your Amygdala (or is it *amygdali*, like more than one octopus being octopi? Humans have two Amygdala units) will experience physical deformation if, for example you live in an alligator breeding area and have been **made to reside** on a floating barge of driftwood and straw. Children don't know a lot of things for certain, but they know intuitively they're the 'Fun Size' snack for gators in the market for long-pork. A far cry from playing with a stick in the dirt out back.

Any length of time, even a moment in that environment and your amygdali, having one purpose, knowing a single trick, being, as one might say, *binary in nature*, bursts into action, assuming the personalities of an escapee from the planet Krypton *and* some knucklehead who's dad was a carp – both **Übermon** and **Aquaman**. Super Heroes in a schizophrenic bond which will prove (in the long run) to be your undoing!

Regardless of what physical terror is visited upon you; if it can be made to submit, *submit it will*, at the hands of *Future Texas Governor and 27th Consecutive Olympic Decathlon Gold Metal Winner*, **Übermon** – best to wear your safety goggles when your Amygdala trots him out for a look-see (the crowd goes wild).

Inversely, should you encounter a foe that strikes doubt into your heart, perhaps it's the **Funk Brothers of Pretend Wrestling Fame, sporting an Insatiable Appetite for Metham-Pheta-Crack-Dust-Angel-Caine**, you have but one choice for salvation. *There's no shame in it friends* – tap **Aquaman**! Once you throw your tiny frame into the water, even a *Hopped-Up-Bloodthirsty-Tag-Team* from Borger can't break through ONE HUNDRED MILLION Angry Jumbo Shrimp as you make your get-away.²

You get deposited on *gator-bait island* enough times, your brain will repair itself after each narrow escape. But the thing is, **your memories** of those mini-vacations isn't necessarily considered damage. Not unless you start planning you day around them.

If you find yourself silently calling out to your Super Friends to either swing the Boss Gator by the tail so fast the fabric of time rips and sucks you into another dimension, or said Gator-terrorist suddenly

finds himself choking on 1000 pounds of smoked salmon thus averting your imminent death by being swallowed whole, that's not brain damage either – it's a side effect.

Side effects tainting your thought patterns are a phenomenon not subject to the wonders of brain plasticity. If caught early, they can be re-directed, though success is rare.

Problem: those kind enough to insure your knowledge of alligators is *tip-top* due to repeatedly exposing you to them, up close and personal, couldn't care less about that *nose-touching-thing you've developed*. Your tic is a small price to pay for the wealth of amphibian information now at your fingertips (also present in every hair follicle on your body).

A moment will arrive, a break will occur, at which point, what you have established as your *base camp of thought* will see no further improvements in the accommodations. By *base camp* I mean your *core values concerning right and wrong, what your plans are pertaining to an alleged love interest, how to make a living without screwing someone else in the process*, shit like that... Oh, you're born knowing it's not a good idea to kill people, so at least there's been *some* genetic decency, a smidgen of concern for your fellows while your base was under construction.

However a compound of the magnitude required to traverse the pitfalls of your emotional future will be tainted; how you manage emotional situations is now sealed in carbon fiber. Regardless of tools you foolishly brandish, they will never grow to be adults.

Example, I will forever be emotionally 10 years old – that's when my *possibility center* chose to close up shop. I could tell there'd been hanky-panky; at 10 I felt like I lived in the big fat middle of a 20 mile radius of HATE so I'm not sure I can be trusted with defining my last entry in the “*How the world is, was and will be*” departments – I have *that thing*, that trauma stress deal? So it's anyone's guess as to when my base camp became inaccessible. How would I know? I'm the only me I've ever known – I place little trust in my information concerning that relationship, doubt it's anything other than illusory.

Tent cities will spring up around your base camp and some damn good ideas will reside there, so yer not totally screwed. But when it comes to making the decision about whether the wind is causing the leaves to rustle or there really is a tiger moments from having you for dinner, *reason* is not in communication with the tent city dwellers. Leaves rustle, the campers all shout, “It's just the wind!” at your back as you race toward the highest tree in sight. It can't be helped.

I've grown tired of stuffing my eyeballs back into my skull when the phone rings. I wouldn't bother, but I need them in place so I can cry – my tele' gets very little action, as one might guess – when it screams from under a month's worth of paperwork on my desk, it's a tiger, 18 inches away, roaring it's savannah-hot breath in my face. My inner 10 year old doesn't care for it – it makes him cry.

If I had a penny for every time members of my immediate family, just those five to eight people, told me there was nothing amiss with my life, I need to buck-up, grab a shovel and join the party, “*Mr. Frownypants*,” I could afford the purest of heroins as a table condiment, without resorting to the usual shabby behavior attributed to those using poppy-fruit for recreational purposes.

One day, one day soon, I will clock one of them. Not a little one either, not a guy with a walker repeating the same racist joke like a broken record, fucking with his hearing aid and knocking shit off end tables as he tries to find his glasses which are atop his head. He's the obvious target for a frightened person which I am not, telephone surprise attacks aside.

Temptation will encourage you to take the easy shot, and if the truth be known Methuselah's absolutely deserving of such an honor – he and his lovely assistant did a bang-up job putting you thru the paces in their personal Kinder Prison – I've contacted my congressperson asking them to fast-track a bill for a new *Nobel Prize*. It takes real focus to insure your charge is properly infested with an all consuming fear, life-long self-hatred and the inability to leave his secluded, dark, yet well appointed apartment.

I'll do the biggest one there; some farmhand, truck driver, steel worker type, maybe even that Lone Star brother of mine, when they least expect it. Some guy with a ball cap at the dinner table, grabbing food off children's plates, loudly chewing, mouth wide open because he thinks it's part of his southern charm. I'll grab whatever's handy and put him on the floor in such a way he'll not be getting up while I make my strolling *pirouette-laden departure*.

So, yeh. I communicate, I say what I really mean. I use the one tool we have at our disposal should we place value on beneficial human relationships and the proper maintenance of same. I use it poorly perhaps, have been seen experiencing control issues and I'm here to tell ya, no one knows better than me; I have a very long way to go.

I've moved from a sippy-cup to a spork in the last 4 years, a plastic spork at that. No worries – I'll be worm food soon enough and you'll be shed of me.

Salty McOpiate-shaker / dealer-dude has been texting for an hour. He's down at the Taco Bell parking lot. I should have left right away, but opportunities to actually contribute to the tribe are so rare, I wanted to stay for dinner, do some bonding with my kin.

Carpe Diem.

Footnotes:

1. Stolen from Doug Stanhope: *Comic, Drunk, Author and All Around Miserablism of Considerable Note*
2. Your Amygdala got you through Kinder Prison ALIVE. Say "Thank you."
Do it.
Gawd dammit,
do it NOW.